Englands doubtfull hopes:

OR,

Long lookt for may come at last.

Which hath beene expected God grant that we may,
Once more in *England* see a ioyfull day.

To the tune of, *The Princes Birth.*

IF Faith and Truth were joyned hand in hand,
and that our people were all one agree,
To feare that God, that made both Sea and Land,
our King and Parliament would be
Rome, O then,
Noble English men,
how would your hearts be fild with joye
to hear each day,
how some say,
Come let's drink a health to our King Charles,
And to his faithfull Lords and Earles,
upon this joyfull day.

The gallant London Citizens alle,
when they see this happy time,
will be at charges this ha truely I thinke,
to make the Cannons run with wine:
Each man would part
Even with his heart,
and dresse himselfe in rich array,
much like the spring
when Charles our King,
Returnes in peace to fairs Whitehall
The Bells shall totter great and small,
upon this joyfull day.

The country people that have beene oppreſt,
and also ready to dispaire,
Would all rejoyce and each man make a feast
of which the poore should have a share.
And never grutch
Pay yet think much,
nay, I have heard a many say,
This Land to free
From misery,
And from the Papists beastly hate
They'd spend three quarters of their Rent,
to see this joyfull day.

The Nations that are like their Lords to be
bounde all be sprunk at this time,
And to contribute they will not refuse,
but lay their doubtfull thoughts aside,
And like wise joyne
For Beere and Wine,
and sing a merry round belay,
Welcome home,
Dick, Jack and Tom,
That have beene Knaves in this ranke,
Returne to fruitfull Cupids Lawes,
upon this joyfull day.

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The ſecond part, to the ſame tune.

O What an alteration here will be,
when theſe things are accompliſhed,
The Miſer of his money will be free,
all will be metamorphoſed;
The Uſurer old,
That makes his gold
his god, will ſtraight without delay,
For very joy,
Breake to deſtroy
His greedy mind, and caſt of care,
And drinke healths to our Kings welfare,
upon this joyfull day.

All ſortes of Tradeſmen would be over joy'd
which now doe heavily complaine,
For want of trading have not bin imploy'd,
peace would revive their joyes againe;
O ſuch a change
Would ſeeme moſt ſtrange,
all Subjects will their King obey,
Then ſhould we prove
True friends with love,
And not ſeeke one anothers woe,
London would make a gallant ſhow,
upon this joyfull day.

What preparations would all people make
to entertaine his Majeſty,
And to our government themſelves betake,
like Subjects true with conſtancy;
O this would pleaſe,
And yeild much eaſe,
to King and State in every way,
With friends or Foes,
He ſing old Roſe,
And pay what ever is my lot,
All hatred ſhould be quite forgot,
upon this joyfull day.

May maze our late made widdowes will be glad,
though they have loſt their husbands deare,
The parents which of late young ſons have had;
will all rejoyce of peace to heare;
The peoples griefe,
Finding reliefe.
they'le wipe all mourneſull teares away,
The mother mild.
That loſt her child,
In Wars will ſone forget the ſame,
And praiſe Gods everlaſting name,
to ſee this joyfull day.

Though we are round beſet with ſorrowes deep,
and every man oppreſſed ſore,
And peace the whilſt that ſeemed for to ſleep,
can when ſhe pleaſe our joyes reſtore:
And ſet to rites,
King Lords and Knights,
then would all ſorrowes paſſe away,
With Trumpets ſound,
Joyes would abound,
Our London Lads will play their parts,
The which will breake the Papiſts hearts,
to ſee this joyfull day.

Whilſt life doth laſt there's hope, thus I conclude
as yet all is not over-run,
Our Townes and Cities that have bin ſubdu'd,
there was no way the ſame to ſhun;
To ſave the reſt,
I thinke tis beſt,
from harme, O therefore let us pray,
His Royall Grace,
Might take his place,
In Parliament to make all even,
Then would all Nations under heaven,
take nocice of this day. Finis.

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